UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Why the Church?—The Lay Mind

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

Harbin—City of Exiles

By ADELAIDE NICHOLS

Is There a Menace to World Peace In War-Provoking Publicity; If So, How?

By LUCIA AMES MEAD

An American Note—Left Out

By SYDNEY STRONG

VOLUME CIV | NUMBER 11

Chicago, December 2, 1929

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

Subscription, $3.00 Per Annum

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

UNITY Fellowship

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Poetry Editors

LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Managing Editor

EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENKIN LL. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

Per Year, $1.00. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
GEO. W. COOKE, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

Editorial Contributors

W. Waldemar W. Argow
Charles E. Beals
Percy M. Dawson
David Starr Jordan
Anna Garlin Spencer
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—P. M. Matthèeff
ENGLAND—Harrison Brown, Fred Hankinson, Walter Walsh
CANADA—Norman Stewart Dowd
FRANCE—G. Demartial, Romain Rolland
GERMANY—Theodor Hahn
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Dorothy Walton
JAPAN—Nobuichiro Imaoka
PALESTINE—Hans Kohn
RUSSIA—Alina Huebsch

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 12, 1929, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

UNITY

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

UNITY is a weekly paper, sixteen pages containing timely editorial comment, special articles, foreign correspondence by its own representatives in Europe and Asia, book reviews, and regular reports of news from the field of liberal thought and action.

UNITY was the first American paper to discover Gandhi, of India. When the great Mahatma was unknown even to newspapers, UNITY hailed him as "the greatest man in the world." Its files contain the most complete record of Gandhi and his work that exists in this country. His autobiography, "The Story of My Experiments with Truth" is just completed.

UNITY was the first American paper to espouse and advocate the Outlawry of War, that remarkable peace program that is challenging the attention of the world.

UNITY has for more than forty years championed the idea of universal religion which finds in freedom the secret of unity and brotherhood, and it is today the outstanding organ of world religion.

Sample copies on request.

$3.00 per year.

700 Oakwood Boulevard **CHICAGO**

Contents

EDITORIAL— Page

Notes 163
Why the Church?—The Lay Mind—JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE 166
Jottings—J. H. H. 167
An American Note—Left Out—SYDNEY STRONG 167

ARTICLES—

Prayer—DOROTHY DYAR 163
Harbin—City of Exiles—ADELAIDE NICHOLS... 169
Is There a Menace to World Peace in War-Provoking Publicity; If So, How?—LUCIA AMES MEAD 170

THE STUDY TABLE—

A Vindication of Andrew Johnson—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 172

CORRESPONDENCE—

"Why the Church"—JOHN T. RICKETT..... 174
Conditions in Hungary—E. DER..... 174
Dr. Walsh's New Book—EDWIN HENRY WILSON 175

THE FIELD—

A Conference of Religious Liberals—ELIZABETH B. GREENE 175
The League of Nations Fights Opium..... 176

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIV MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1929 NUMBER 11

PRAYER

[Spoken at the Community Church, New York, by Rev. Dorothy Dyar, of Seattle]

O thou great source of all in the soul of each, we thank thee for the endless renewal of life. Day after day we waken to find ourselves in a world made new by the refreshment of that sleep which for each of us knits up the ravelled sleeve of care if we but commit ourselves to its ministrations. Day after day we come into a pulsing universe made new by the light radiating from the strivings and insights of the day that has gone before, which, as a beacon, summons us on to freshness of effort and understanding. Here in this hour of our communion together we lift our minds and hearts into the realm of the ideal, into the thought of the infinite and the eternal where lies the vision that can recreate our strength and send the power of new manhood and womanhood, dedicated to the largest issues it is given us to know, coursing through our veins.

O thou who art the comfort of the aged and the inspirer of the young, be with us all as we endeavor to concentrate our forces upon the high theme of the religious life. There is so much of good in the world upon which we can build over tested and testing ways into more fullness of being for ourselves and for the human race, that we are uplifted. There is so much of good which we have thus far passed by on the other side, unknowing or afraid, that we bow our heads in shame. Spirit of noble life, fill us with thine endless aspiration, that we may stretch out into the darkness and into the light of past, present and to come, the supplicating hands of the true worshipper. Make us to feel the stirring of thy presence in the humblest and most despised, in the highest and most valued, that we may prove ourselves and all men. May we catch the vision of the wholeness of life. May we use our bodies and minds and souls for the enhancement of true and worthy living. Make us humble before the beauty and mystery of all that lies about us. Purge us of low desire; lift us into the company of those who have striven for far-off ends. Help us to feel the divine flowing through the universe, in us spelling physical strength and courage, in us taking on the shape of sympathy and understanding, of service ever more clearly defined in a world of changing, growing human relationships.

May we banish all fear save that only of our smallnesses and inadequacies. May we dare to seize eagerly upon new truth as it comes challengingly to our door. May we lift up our hearts into the penetrating rays of the sun of human kindness and each of us determine that when, in the endless renewal of life that is in ourselves and in the human race, we hear that great universal call, be it in whatever realm it may, we may not only know it for what it is, but that with all our chastened powers we may give the old human answer, that is present divinity within, "Here am I, Lord, send me." Amen.

One of the things we cannot understand is the way some people—most people, perhaps—allow differences of opinion to interfere with personal relations. We have opinions of our own and hold them with conviction, as we hope the readers of this paper may testify. We not only feel it our duty to stand up for our opinions in season and out of season, and to attack contrary opinions with all our vigor, but we find a certain zest and thrill in thus plunging into the fight for truth which makes up a large part of the joy of life. But never, either by intention or desire, have we allowed our attitude toward ideas to determine our attitude toward persons. Rooted deep within us is the feeling that the other fellow has the same right to his opinions that we have to ours; that he is under the same obligation to support his opinions and live out their implications as we are; and that, whatever the nature of these opinions, we can still live together in respect and love one for another. And why not? Yet people who disagree frequently do not speak as they pass by, more frequently allege evil motives and wicked purposes, and nearly always strive to destroy error by ruining or destroying personality. All this, to our mind, comes very near to being "the unpardonable sin." A man's thought, at the best, is only a vague fumbling after truth. Our ideas, in spite of ourselves, are made for us by a thousand influences of heredity, training, experience, outward environment and inward emotion. No one of us ever has convictions wholly right, nor by the same token, convictions wholly wrong. What progress we make toward reality is largely achieved through friendly interchange or conflict of ideas, the truth surviving from its very struggle with error. Just to the extent that we disagree, should we cling the more steadfastly to one another, that we may gain in widened knowledge and deepened understanding. And always should we cherish as our own heart's brother the man who, holding opinions precisely contrary to our own, is as faithful to his convictions as we strive to be to ours. Sincerity, devotion, courage—these are the essential qualities of manhood, and should be the basis of friendship. Let a man be true to himself, and, whatever his opinions, I would have him to be my friend for life. Remem-

ber Carlyle's infinitely beautiful statement about his friend, John Sterling, "We agreed in everything, except only opinions."

For days after the crash of the stock market on Wall Street, we amused ourselves clipping stories from the newspapers about the suicides who threw their lives after the cash they had lost in the debacle. It was a pathetic and terrible form of amusement—and yet, for all its pathos and terror, it had an element of justice. The moral law was working—the piper was getting his pay—the reaper was reaping what he had sown! For these suicides were men and women who had built their lives exclusively out of money. They had been hungry for money in the same way that Solomon was hungry for women. They must have money at any price, and in unlimited quantities. Not having the courage to steal, or the skill to gamble, they resorted to speculation, which may be briefly defined as a deliberate attempt to get something for nothing. For a while they won. Faster and more furiously they called the tune, and the piper was obliging and played as directed. Then came the inevitable crash—everything that goes up sooner or later comes down!—the piper had to be paid, and pockets were emptied. Not only the actual money on the exchange, but, what was infinitely worse, all the fair dreams of endless wealth to come—in a minute these were gone, and there was nothing left. *Nothing left*—there's the secret! With money gone, these people had nothing to live for. Their minds and hearts were barren, once the gold had been swept away No interest in books or art, no concern for religion, no love of home and children, no devotion to great causes of human good, nothing but money, *money,* MONEY. What a spectacle of human dearth and death! Suicide? It was as inevitable as the falling market itself—and as wholesome. For these recent disasters, we dare to assert, are the most wholesome thing that has happened in this country since the War. We have been drunk with materialism. It's time we sobered up!

It is curious that we have had to wait for the testimony of Mark Sullivan, Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald-Tribune,* and intimate of Mr. Hoover, to instruct us that the rebellious Progressive Republican senators, joined with the Democrats in the triumphant battle against the tariff bill, are the real friends of the President, and that their victory over the Old Guard is therefore a victory for the White House. Opposition newspapers, such as the New York *World,* are sneering at this announcement and are accusing the President of trying to make the best of a situation which he cannot control. Superficial facts like the Debenture, which Mr. Hoover has opposed and the Progressives supported, seem to give some substantiation to this charge. But the reality of the situation is at bottom exactly what Mr. Sullivan says it is. The President called the extra session of Congress for the express and exclusive business of giving relief to the farmer. One item in the program for relief was an increased tariff on farm products. Taking unfair and unscrupulous advantage of this proposal, the Old Guard in House and Senate proceeded to produce a bill written by eastern industrialists which raised the tariff on manufactured articles to hitherto unheard-of heights. This meant the ruin of the farmer, not to say the ruin of the country generally. Ruin or no ruin, it was robbery of the most barefaced description. The Progressives at once declared war, have beaten the Old Guard, and will now put through such a tariff as President Hoover desires, or else allow no tariff legislation at all. Excited correspondents, amazed by the rout of Smoot, Reed, Bingham and company, and greatly impressed by the smooth-working alliance of Democrats and Progressives, are talking wildly about the permanent union of southern Democrats and western Republicans in a new political alignment. Nothing could be more ridiculous! What we have here is the capture of the Republican Party by the Progressives, and what we will have in the next campaign is the leadership of a Progressive Republican Party by Herbert Hoover. We are no Republican, but all this suits us perfectly none the less.

The intellectual outlook of the masses remains much the same as it was in primitive times. Anthropologists have described the primitive mind as characterized chiefly by an all-pervading supernaturalism, lack of precise and logical thinking, credulity and an ignorance of scientific methods and results.

Thus writes Harry Elmer Barnes in his recent book, "The Twilight of Christianity." A beautiful illustration of the accuracy of this characterization of the mass mind has just come from Malden, Massachusetts. Rumors spread through that town, located only five miles from Boston, that miraculous cures were taking place at the grave of the Rev. Patrick J. Power in Holy Cross Cemetery. Crowds suddenly began to assemble. On the first Sunday after the rumors got well started, a mob of 100,000 people stormed the cemetery, broke the gates and fences, smashed the tombstone, and did other extensive damage. In a last-minute attempt to save the situation, the police removed the broken tombstone. But the crowds still gathered. Thousands stayed over night, praying and sobbing by the grave. The people came not merely from Malden itself and surrounding towns, but from all over the state, and from New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut. Among them each day were hundreds of sick, crippled, blind and dumb. Cures, of course, were immediate.

"Laura Moody, 18-year-old Dorchester orphan, incurably crippled, was carried to the cemetery," runs one newspaper account, "and walked unaided after praying at the grave." Another story records that "after praying at the cemetery, 8-year-old Louis Carizona, of South Boston, took several steps." Again, "Mrs. John J. Caldon, 35, of Agawam, sister of a priest, said she was cured of rheumatism, with which she had suffered many years." Here is a perfect example of "the primitive mind," as Professor Barnes calls it, still extant in our modern age. What is happening in Malden today is what has happened for centuries at the holy shrines of Europe, and what happened in Palestine in the days of Jesus. Mob hysteria, sprung from "an all-pervading supernaturalism," accounts for all these orgies of excitement and so-called "cures." The idea of miracle is as preposterous in one case as in all the others.

We are certainly making great strides in art. Things never before dreamed of by the artists of old time are now being triumphantly achieved by the geniuses of our day. In New York, for example, a painter has exhibited a picture which is such a masterpiece that it looks just as beautiful when hung on its side as it does when hung straight up. At least, the picture was so hung by a careless or unappreciative committee, and, lo and behold, it won the first prize while still hanging sideways. Could anything be more wonderful! If Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" were hung on its side, it would be noticed at once. But we are getting beyond such limitations these days. It only remains now, says one commentator, to paint a picture that can be hung, not only sideways, but upside down. But this last, still to be achieved in painting, has already been achieved in music. Thus in New York, a few weeks ago, the Philadelphia Orchestra played a new composition by the famous Schoenberg. The piece sounded so strange and fearsome to the ear that the audience hissed its performance. Yet it was wonderful music—so wonderful that its themes read just the same backwards as they do forwards. Beethoven never achieved a thing like that! You can't play the "Eroica" backwards and make it sound like anything. But this Schoenberg piece can be read and played either way, just like a picture upside down, and it makes no difference. Music indeed is leading all the arts today in vast accomplishments of this kind. Our jazz music, for example, is "fearfully and wonderfully made" beyond all compare. We were long in the habit of wondering how the players in a jazz orchestra kept their places in the score, or knew when they were playing in tune and tempo with the others. "How do you do it?" we asked a player once. "We don't," was his frank reply. "It doesn't make any difference what you play, provided you keep 'jigging' with the others, and are ready for the quick jump at the end." Here is miracle indeed! Music has certainly reached the zenith of perfection when the players of an orchestra can play any way they want to, and the result be satisfactory. It all reminds us of the exclamation of the woman at the exhibition, "Ain't art just wonderful?"

The retirement of Mahatma Gandhi from the presidency of the All-India National Congress is being misinterpreted in this country, and in the world in general outside India, in at least two ways. Thus, in the first place, it is being said that Gandhi's retirement marks his definite passing from the leadership of the Indian people in the present critical hour. Nothing could be farther from the truth! The Mahatma's withdrawal from the official headship of the Congress was wholly voluntary, and taken in the face of his election by an overwhelming majority over a candidate whom he himself had nominated and against whom he had refused to run. Gandhi remains what he has been for the last decade and more, the one most potent personal force in India. Official position does not add to Gandhi's influence over his countrymen, as private station does not detract therefrom. In the second place, it is being said that Mahatma's retirement portends an abandonment of Gandhi's non-resistant policy, and a final adoption by the Indian people in the fight ahead of the more familiar policy of force and violence. The one all-sufficient answer to this charge is that Gandhi's successor in the presidency of the Congress is Jawaharlal Nehru, his own personal selection, and a man unmatched by any other Indian in his love and veneration for the Mahatma. Says Mr. T. H. K. Rezmie, American correspondent of the Bombay *Chronicle,* in a recent statement:

> The crucial point is that Nehru is scrupulously a follower of Gandhi in the method of attaining *Swaraj.* He does not advocate bloodshed. He does not propose to start a militant struggle of violence. He has not given up passive resistance and non-violent non-co-operation as useless. On the contrary, he is pledged more solemnly than you can imagine of an English-educated antagonist of English rule in his country, that the blood which is sure to be shed, once Indians undertake to tear down England's authority, shall not be shed by the Indians, but by the agents of British imperialism, who uniformly disperse unarmed protesting crowds with rifle fire, and staged the Amritsar massacre without the slightest compunction.

India is still Gandhi's India. All consideration of the impending crisis in Indian affairs must begin, as also it must end, with this one fact.

Why the Church?—The Lay Mind

Last spring an article in UNITY raised the question, Why the Church? Numerous replies were received. In the issue of September 23rd the letters of three ministers were printed in the correspondence columns, and a further editorial article commented. In the issue of October 22nd the letters of four other correspondents were printed. Still another letter will be found in the correspondence of this number.

These later letters reflect the lay mind. The comments of September 23rd called attention to what seems to be the prejudgment, not to say prejudice, which prevails among clergymen. This attitude is not pointed out in derogation of the ministry but as a fact which must be reckoned with. If it be true that the church has lost its reason for existence ministers will not be the first persons in the community to find it out. To be sure, they are most occupied with the problems of the church, and know most about what the church is doing and is not doing, but this fact does not eminently qualify them for judgment upon our question. On the contrary their position will generally disqualify them. They are too much concerned. They have dedicated themselves not to abstract principles, not to truth for truth's sake, but to an institution whose life is their life, and whose demise would be tragedy for them.

The layman, then, has the best right and the largest duty to speak up in reply to our question. He must be expected to have the clearest judgment, and to approach the question with the least prejudice. But has he the clearest judgment? Shall what he has to say be taken with final authority?

Lay ecclesiastical incompetence is notorious. It is frequently a topic of discussion in intimate ministerial councils. Ministers often indulge in fulsome flattery of their laymen, but what the mouth speaks is not always the prompting of the heart. Lay lethargy inspires much ministerial reproach, and even lay zeal, which is often devoid of knowledge, is one of the ministerial crosses, borne with more or less grace. Official lay boards are a necessary evil at their best; at their worst a pest and a bore. How often are lay deficiencies and over-reachings the topic of mournful or wrathful conference between the minister and his wife in the seclusion of the study or the bed-chamber? And who that has observed and participated in the blundering counsels of lay boards and committees can withhold sympathy with the ministerial point of view?

The Church is committed to ministerial control. This is "writ in the bond" in the case of several of the leading communions. The reality is scarcely less patent in the case of the others. Enlightened laymen recognize that this order is wise and necessary to efficient management. Trained leadership comes more and more into control of all important social functions. Our society has yet to solve the problem, however, of insuring initiative, progress and efficiency in religious organization under this regimen. Elsewhere these essentials are gained, if they are achieved at all, under democratic auspices by the pressure of public opinion and the franchise of the masses. Neither of these forces is effective in the case of the church. The church has broken down under the present type of control. There seems no method of redeeming it as a social institution. To expect unorganized lay sentiment to effect the redemption is a futility which few now indulge. Lay movements, whether within the Church or without, have proved abortive.

In only one case has a layman among our correspondents undertaken to prescribe a new and better technique for the Church. His proposal is impractical. It would make of the Church what it is not now, what the great majority of ministers would resist attempting to make it, and what an equally large majority of laymen would consider to be impossible if not undesirable.

The only power now lodged in the laity is that of veto. Our correspondence is the merest straw indicating the direction of a waxing storm of lay sentiment. Our lay correspondents go so far in answering our question as to say that there is no use for the Church. Some of them would throw out the religious baby with its unwholesome ecclesiastical bath water. Others are sure that religion is still vital and persists in spite of the breakdown of our religious institutions. Even those who want the name religion discarded show by their pleas that they wish the reality preserved under terms which they consider more accurate and meaningful than religion.

In general it is clear that lay attitude is not irreligious. It is not inspired by enmity to the ideals for which the church is supposed to stand. On the contrary, the most potent of this sentiment is directly inspired by devotion to religion and a passion to make religious ideals real in human institutions. For ministers, therefore, to sweep away this growing sentiment on the ground that it is a riot of "atheism" or the maundering of scoffers is entirely to miss the issue.

The correspondent whose letter is published in this issue of UNITY leaves no doubt of his piety and of his devotion to the cause of religion. Yet no reader will miss his point; he believes the church has no right to a place in the community today.

As a further illustration of this point of view I quote at length from a private letter written not for

publication by a layman who is approaching 70 years of age after a lifetime of strenuous activities in behalf of religion and human progress in three continents. Though the letter from which the quotations are drawn is private this layman has more than once expressed in print the sentiments here set forth. Omissions are not essential to the meaning, though the reader must supply some of the context to give his statements point. He says:

I am not sarcastic in my references to the church. I have simply quit kidding myself . . . The church . . . has made of its Christianity the worst stumbling block to the progress of God's kingdom, and out of it, have come the worst features of human hatreds and estrangements. . . . Organized Christianity, or the churches, is approaching the status abandoned by business as a basis of society, namely, "Live and let live." They now tolerate, even say nice things about others, and join in united efforts from which they expect to derive individual benefit. That is all I see in the church union or federation programs.

. . . It is not patience that the churches need, but dynamite. They have spent nineteen hundred years and there is not an hour of their history worth going back to. I cannot agree that they are "sure to come back to their true course." They have never been on such a course.

. . . To boast of the power and dominance of the churches today is to boast of their shame, it seems to me. The only greatness of which they have right to be proud is measured by their success in securing the doing of God's will on earth as it is done in Heaven. By that measure they have little of which to boast. Any expenditure of effort for other greatness, is not to their credit.

I see brighter indications of the coming of the kingdom, but the churches are dim in the picture. . . . I am not fighting the Churches. I am not a Protestant in the relation to the Catholic faith, but I am a Protestant in relation to the present blindness of the churches and their attempt to vindicate themselves on any other grounds except actual achievement of their objective—God's kingdom on earth.

It is manifest that the question we have raised has not received constructive answer. Ministers seem to be missing the point and laymen by the very virtue of their laymanship are disqualified from concerted and constructive programming; are qualified only to say, No, this is not the way; are not qualified to point the right way confidently. What then? Shall we not continue this discussion in a later issue of UNITY in an attempt to see light ahead on the path we all must follow?

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

It is comforting to be assured by the Washington correspondents that the American delegates to the January disarmament conference are none of them pacifists. If pacifists should go to a disarmament conference, it might succeed, and then where would we be?

Of 336 boys selling newspapers on the streets of Newark, N. J., only 50 had permits as required by law, and 7 of these were under the legal age. And our "wet" friends think there is something exceptional in the violations of the Prohibition law! Americans are a lawless people everywhere. Investigate and see.

The Soviet Government forbids all personal exploitation of actors, movie stars, pianists, singers, in newspaper reviews and even in advertising. There must not even be mention, for praise or blame, of indiduals. This in the interest of art! Which leads us to say that art must be a very different thing in Russia from what it is in America. For if this rule were applied in this country, art (so-called) would perish in a night.

A two-volume "Life" of Lloyd-George has just been published. This is the best evidence we have seen that his career is run.

The war against the Black Bishop—Manning, of New York—is gaining headway. The revolt of thirteen distinguished Episcopal rectors against the Bishop's banning of Henry Sloan Coffin from the communion service at St. George's, is a healthy sign. It may mean the beginning of the end of the most sinister figure in the so-called Christian church today.

President Hoover, in spite of himself, has the contempt of big minds for little minds, of high resolves for ignoble purposes. This is the reason why he gets on no better with the politicians.

J. H. H.

An American Note—Left Out

The following, received yesterday I take the liberty of passing on to the readers of UNITY, even with the puff in it for the writer:

I will take this occasion to tell you how much pleased I was with that article of yours in UNITY a few weeks ago in which David Starr Jordan, Robert Whitaker and other notable men of the Pacific Slope were so eloquently lauded for their able work in the field of international understanding. I thought at the time of writing to you to express my pleasure in your article and to ask if you would please say a few kind words about a few eminent women on the Pacific Slope who have done much energetic work in that field. There are Alice Park of Palo Alto; Fanny Bixby Spencer of Costa Mesa; Mrs. Helen S. Evans of Brawley, California, founder of the school World-Friendship League; Anne Martin, who has travelled largely over the Pacific Slope in the interest of the W. I. L. P. F.; and Mrs. E. K. Bowman of Helena, Montana, who has published a primer on peace and gives lectures with lantern slides, etc.; and doubtless you may know of a few others, perhaps equally worthy, but whose names are not so well known. I like to have the names of women publicly connected with

the peace movement as much as possible because it seems to me that, as a whole, women are really more interested and doing more work than men. Of course the men who occupy high official positions in governments get more public notice and can put over the great moves, but is it not the mass of women in any country that is prodding their statesmen and forcing those statesmen to work out details of the peace problem?

Quite so! The point is well taken. Not only these that are mentioned, but if one were to begin to name the women who are doing valiant work for peace, "time would fail me." My memory goes back to the women who promoted the crusade that led to Prohibition, via Frances Willard and the W. C. T. U. Complaint is sometimes made of the churches, in that over three-fourths of the members are women. Tell me of any live movement for the benefit of homes, schools, the children, the world, in which three-fourths of the members are not women.

Quite so! There come to mind several women on the Coast, who are not mentioned by my friend. There is Mrs. Whitaker, just as fine and clever as her husband, Robert. And Mrs. Kate Crane Gartz, who is as brave as Martin Luther, and who recently threw her ink bottle (typewriter) at the devil. She is unafraid of saint or sinner. She opens her fine parlors in Altadena to all the lost causes in California, and pleads the case of the widow and orphans. Upton Sinclair is a great person, but he himself would not dare to compare himself with Mrs. Gartz, when it comes right down to nerve and intuitive accuracy in showing up deceit. And there is Anita Whitney, of Oakland, who is likely to get the Nobel Prize in the great wind-up. She has an American pedigree that makes her a birth-right Pilgrim and D. A. R., besides having brains and character of her own earning. She was a peacemaker and friend of mankind before the War, during the War, and more, since the War. There is Lucy Kate Trevett, of Portland, who, with her sister, Mrs. Munn, has kept the fires of freedom burning winter and summer, giving money and entertainment to every unpopular good cause. And down in Los Angeles is Ruth LePrade, a protege of Edwin Markham, who can sing the songs of freedom, and does when there is a chance. And up in Seattle is Jane Garrott, a perfect knight-errant, who is thoroughbred, who has kept a real International House at the University, and never loses a chance to have a tilt with some unwary militarist on the highway. There are the two remarkable Anderson sisters, Jean and Ellen, of Seattle, who have put their lives in for peace and internationalism. If any deserve the name faithful in the peace family, it goes to the Anderson women. There is Adele Parker, of Seattle, teacher, writer and (like Caesar) fighter for international understanding. And down in Los Angeles is Ethelyn Mills, daughter of the celebrated B. Fay Mills, with his charm of persuasion for justice and righteousness, who has dared to speak for the right even in Nineveh.

I am indeed grateful to my friend for calling my attention to the women's brigade of leaders, of whom I have mentioned only a few. This friend is a woman! If I were to tell who she is, you would know that she is incurably a pacifist. She lives in Brookline. She is working for "peace in this generation." She takes no vacation except when she is driven to the hospital. I would wager that no one could talk five minutes with her without the matter coming up of the peace of the world. If the house were on fire she would save her peace literature first. When Arthur Ponsonby came to Boston, he went out to Brookline especially to see her. She is literally consumed with ardor. She is unconquerable. She has the ambition of Carrie Nation (God bless her), the persistence of Susan B. Anthony (God bless her), the burning zeal of Frances Willard (God bless her), all hewn from New England granite. And let me say that the existence of women like my friend of Brookline is proof that the days of Mars are numbered. When the end comes, and the nations are gathered together in the great arena to celebrate the finis, of course, sitting in front seats will be Messrs. Holmes, Levinson, Morrison, Borah, Kellogg and Company, and they will inquire who is that bright and dazzling one high up in special place, and they will be told, that the one with glorious diadem is the unquenchable restless one of Brookline (God bless her)! Such do not need to enter into eternal life, for they are in it now.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Harbin—City of Exiles

It is a strangely interwoven texture of races and governments that appears before a bewildered world in the news of struggle over the Chinese Eastern Railway. Diplomatic representations are exchanged between a Chinese and a Russian Government. Nanking and Moscow will declare war or make peace. Yet it is the Manchurians, whose allegiance to Nanking is doubtful, who started the move against the Reds. And the Russians who make up the great body of the population at Harbin and whose political and racial forebears built the railway and all the grandiose colonizing machinery of which it was a part, hate the Reds with a hatred more deadly than that of the Chinese.

Harbin is, I suppose, the only faint shadow of the old Russia upon the earth's surface today. Its architecture was given its bent when the town was laid out in the old imperial days. And though wars and revolutions have checked the completion of the scheme and battered the monument of grand hopes, there is still the outline of towering beet-shaped domes and broad boulevards. In the center of the city, the cathedral, still the great wooden church that was to have been replaced by one in stone, thrusts one cross-tipped dome higher than all the rest. The Greek cross of the old Russian church is the pivot about which swings the plan of a vast city, threaded upon radiating streets that lead out of the Cathedral plaza. The widest avenue leads straight to the railway station of the Chinese Eastern Railway. That is a low building dignified in outline but permitted by its stucco construction a fantastic combination of arches and turrets. The vista down the wide avenue from the Cathedral to the station is an impressive one. The offices of the Chinese Eastern and many other large buildings for executive and business purposes stand back in spacious grounds behind the solid line of trees that fringe the boulevard. Most of the buildings are of stucco in white or cream or pink. And in the long, dry, frosty winter, the ave-

nue is paved with a thin layer of snow and the trees enameled with silver frost.

Not only the architecture, but the life of Harbin is moulded along lines now obliterated in Russia, itself, by the new regime. It has become a city of refugees who find there the form built after an ideal they shared. The Railway Club, built as the center for recreation for the pioneers of the Chinese Eastern, is full every night of Russians who feel that to depart before one or two o'clock is unthinkable. One side is devoted to an opera house where opera is sung in Russian every night to a crowd who greet it with *"Bis"* and *"Brava!"* and surge down the aisles at the curtain calls. Between the acts the audience perambulates in a strange and motley parade round the spacious foyer. Shabby dresses worn with ermine stoles kept because they can not be sold even in the vast street sales, old uniforms of the Czar's army, coiffeurs frizzled and bespangled above the dimmest of gowns, make time and caste and wealth and position take on new symbols. But in whatever garb, everyone is there, school girls in pig-tails and sateen aprons, artisans with bushy beards, princesses who work by day in offices, governesses who will be cross with their young charges tomorrow because of this burning both ends of the candle.

At the wide door of the foyer opposite to the door of the great opera house, they sometimes pause to watch the gambling in the great Lotto Salon. There, at tables, sit another strange collection of beings, intent on covering numbers on little checquered cards, while an electric lotto board on the wall flashes the fatal numbers before them. New players enter and buy their cards at the desk. Others triumphant or discouraged rise from places and come out to mingle with the opera audience.

The cafe does business with them all. There is a buffet full of zakouskas and guarded by giant Vladivostock crabs that leer like dragons. Under the palms in the restaurant little white tables are waited upon by slender golden haired Russian girls, each of which you romantically guess may be a princess. Music plays and little trays of zakouskas go round and everyone is very, very gay. That is, gay to our stolid standard of gayety. Russians have told me that they see only sadness under a masque of merriment, and that to those who knew these people when they were truly happy, they are a tragic sight.

And to walk Harbin by day is to see the gray background of all this festivity. In the first days of my stay there, I had only one impression made upon me as I passed in the streets Russian beggars, Chinese coolies with baskets swung on poles across their shoulders, Jewish traders in fur, soldiers of many services,—and that was the impression of hate. Everyone eyed everyone else with distrust. Everyone was holding his slippery foothold on life in Harbin at real risk and sacrifice, and looked askance at anyone who might send him crashing to destruction. The White Russians hated the Red Russians; the Chinese hated all Russians and bullied them in the sense of newly acquired immunity from the white man's superior position. The Japanese, permeating bank and business dealings, were suspected and suspicious, the few other white men looked like Russians at first sight and so were hated until their race was made manifest. How much more intense must that cloud of hate hanging over Harbin be in these days of newly threatened war.

New exiles are being made in this city of exiles. When I was there, they came in daily, White Russians fleeing from the Red wave engulfing their last refuge in Siberia. They, and their families and such uncouth household goods as they still owned came into Harbin on rude carts drawn by shaggy ponies weary under the whips. In the icy dusk I saw them cooking supper by the gutters and looking into the faces of the hating passers-by, who saw in them only new mouths to feed in this city where jobs were already too few.

In the market, the exiles took stalls and spread out for sale what they had saved from richer years. They sold everything. Old libraries, felt boots, coats of embroidered leather, furs, jewels, ikons and crosses. Over the mass, glittering things became drab; fine faces grew sordid; the market was a strange grim place. Over against these overstocked stalls were the wares of the grocers and butchers and fish mongers. Rows of little pigs, frozen so that they clinked like china pigs when the wind swung them together, garlanded the butcher's booth. Fish stood up on their tails, frozen stiff as swords. Vegetables were garnered inside in stuffy heated sheds. Geese quacked, triumphant that they were not yet killed and frozen.

In Kitaisky Street the more conventional shops did business. There were department stores, shops full of French laces and combs and beads, florists, pastry shops, a hotel where music played late in the evening and the beads and flowers and combs were flourished. Russian girls wore these things with an air long strange to the eyes of admiring business men of many nations. Harbin was beginning to have a reputation throughout the Chinese ports as a gay place to spend one's vacation in.

Among the representatives of foreign banks and business houses who with their families make up the foreign colony in Harbin there goes on the same kind of social life that is found in other such groups throughout China, except that it is enriched by its touch with the Russian institutions and the Russian society which exist independently but side by side.

I remember a New Year's Eve at the Railway Club. The tables in the restaurant at midnight were crowded with feasters, Russians, English, Americans, Norwegians, French. The Opera House had been cleared of seats and there a great circle of dancers was going through the elaborate figures of the Russian dances. The little group of "foreigners" watched the stamping, twirling, bowing couples with wonder. Then the orchestra swung into an American dance. The floor was cleared. And a little knot of dancers performed a fox-trot unabashed while the crowds of Russians looked on. Twelve struck and at the first stroke, all the couples embraced in a New Year's kiss. And not content, everyone rushed about kissing everyone else, and the New Year in Harbin began in true Russian style.

So used has Harbin become to snatching gaiety from the midst of poverty and danger that it is no wonder in this last crisis to hear that reports from Harbin denoted little sense of confusion even when the outside world thought it saw war impending. The storms of war have been shaking Harbin more or less rudely ever since its foundation only thirty years ago. A brief and tempestuous history to which may be added another exciting chapter when a new Russian Government meets a new Chinese Government over the spoils they have jointly inherited from their despised past.

ADELAIDE NICHOLS.

Is There a Menace to World Peace in War-Provoking Publicity, If So, How?

We were long ago told that "for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar," but the World War showed that all belligerent nations have the same peculiarities. Propaganda added to military and economic force is now the third necessity in successful warfare. Ideas can be more powerful than bombs, and false sentiment as deadly as poison gas. War means not merely disembowelling, blinding, burning, and blowing up tender human bodies. It means welcoming and using not only facts and idealistic slogans like "a war to end war," but half truths, distortions and black lies. These are just as potent weapons as tanks and machine guns. For war purposes a study of psychology is as necessary as a study of explosives. War propagandists may passionately believe what they say, but in no case is there judicial judgment based on all the facts. Telephones, the wireless, the cinema have modernized propaganda and multiplied it as much as electricity has multiplied horsepower.

Pre-war propaganda was very little organized but it worked powerfully and was hardly recognized as such. The English author, Miss C. E. Playne, in "The Neuroses of the Nations," has presented a masterly analysis of pre-war provocatives to suspicion and irritation which developed for years both in Germany and France, largely as a result of the Alsace-Lorraine issue, and of repeated conflicts in the last two centuries between people of differing race and tongue. The drama, the novel, the newspaper played their part in this goading men on to uncontrollable suspicion and bitterness. Miss Playne's similar exhaustive study of twenty years of British growth of imperialism and militarism in her latest book, "The Pre-War Mind of Britain," reveals that here too was a decay of spiritual life and rationality. The spiritual leaders and poets, statesmen, novelists in all three countries had given way to men of little vision. Mazzini, Victor Hugo, Tolstoy, Wagner, Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, Emerson and their great contemporaries were replaced by financiers, inventors, militarists. A horde of journalists, with some professors like Trietschke and such outspoken militarists as Admiral Fisher, laid ominous foundations for misunderstanding and hatred. War cannot come until there has been long neglect of cooperation, gross lack of statesmanship and timid silence of the churches. In the Boer war there was a furious raging among the churches on both sides. The destruction of Boer private property and the barbarous methods used by the British angered the Germans. John A. Hobson, the eminent English economist, in his "Psychology of Jingoism," says:

> I still have a vivid recollection of making an appeal for a more reasonable conception of the Boer women to the wife of a clergyman whom I knew as a kindly and most hospitable person, and of the slow, deliberate manner in which she said, "I hope these women will be killed, every one."

The restlessness of the new woman emancipated from drudgery, the militant suffragettes, the tone of dissatisfaction in society life, the growing decay of mental grasp of increasingly complex problems, the gulf between poverty and lavish extravagance were all factors in the gliding forward into the abyss of war. As Miss Playne shows:

> When life becomes a flight through a maze of unrelated, scrambled activities, so that there is no possibility for reflection or even recollection, coordination of purpose must necessarily be left out.

The goal of life was lost and many lived in a hectic orgy of competition, with no conference with potential enemies and coming to a rational understanding on issues which might bring slaughter or starvation to thirty or forty million people who called themselves Christians.

After the catastrophe came, and during the four years of butchery and frantic, abnormal life which followed, propaganda became definitely organized. In Germany, the propaganda was clumsy, and though widespread, not so well organized as among the Allies and not very effective. The Germans might have made much of the myth of the Potsdam Conference in early July, 1914, as the Allies would have done in a similar case; but it did not occur to them to exploit falsehood of the Allies or the ravages of the Russians in East Prussia, of which we heard so little in comparison with Belgium's woes. They might have exploited, as the British did the execution of Edith Cavell, when two German women nurses were executed by the French for the same offense. In both cases the execution was legal, but the Allies aroused the whole world over the fate of the noble English woman and so spurred men on to more desperate effort. Another stupid example of German lack of psychology was in the effort to set Mexico against us. German propaganda often acted like a boomerang.

In England, Northcliffe headed propaganda in the enemy countries and Sir Gilbert Parker took over propaganda in America. Five hundred thousand copies of Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War" were said to have been sold in England, but only 8,000 sold in Germany. Parker arranged for Balfour and Chamberlain to be interviewed by American papers. He sent English papers to 360 American papers, established cinemas for "the man in the street," arranged for letters and replies and sent quantities of literature to Y. M. C. A.'s, etc. The work of Pilgrim societies was effective in bringing titled foreigners into social circles here.

In all countries there were four main objects: First, to mobilize hatred against the enemy, especially after Lissauer's Hymn of Hate, which set the example, and to show the wickedness of the enemy. A startling early American illustration of the talk of Europe during the war was General Sheridan's advice to Bismarck in 1870: "The proper strategy consists in inflicting as telling blows as possible on the enemy's army and then causing the inhabitants so much suffering that they must long for peace. The people must be left with nothing but their eyes to weep with." The second objective was to preserve friendship among the Allies by strenuous efforts in carrying on the war. One of the most effective bits of propaganda in England was a work of fiction, assumed everywhere to be genuine letters from a music pupil—Alice Cholmondely, who was studying in Germany when the war broke out. She had been acquiring a growing disgust for German ways and ideas and described her experiences with such verisimilitude as to impress an enormous

circle of readers. She was represented as dying at Stuttgart in 1914.

Col. Raymond Robins discovered that Allied propaganda in Russia was producing no effect and got its character altered so as to impress the Russians that victory over the Germans would mean success to the Revolution. Each nation needed to carefully consider the psychology of both friends and enemies. The third factor in propaganda was to get non-military cooperation from neutral states and the fourth was to demoralize the enemy. Little leaflets were dropped on German soil showing pictures of the increase of Allied troops from month to month. Clever imitation of German stamped cards purporting to come from German prisoners in France, telling what good food they had to eat, were sent across the border. Jewish pogrom pictures were retouched and sent out as German atrocities. A large house in Paris was used for fake propaganda in which skilful artists created model atrocities to be photographed and sent to the papers. The story of the cutting off of the Belgian children's hands was long accepted here, although no eager reporter could ever find one instance and make a photograph which would have infuriated Allied troops. The revelation of the British Brigadier-General Charteris's deceit in the story which shocked the world of the Germans boiling down corpses to make fat was not given the public until some years after the war ended and was apparently looked upon by the General as a creditably clever dodge. Catch words, like "Business as Usual," "Hun," "Boche," had profound effect. When bad news had to be camouflaged to prevent panic, a few questions were given out, then a few facts, and then the worst. War was presented in rather abstract form, with few details.

People came to indict a whole nation; to feel that German children, like reptiles' eggs, were supposed to contain venomous potentialities. This type of fierce obsession developed widely in our country after we entered the war. Even after the war had ended, a business man wrote to me: "I do not care if the whole German race is wiped out," and a Boston woman coolly declared, "I don't care if all those German children starve." In 1917, a Propaganda Committee on policy was established in England and presided over by Lord Northcliffe. It put propaganda into the hands of coordinate officials, as we did not; our entrance into the war being late, we had a simpler program. Unity was essential and news from the front and propaganda needed to be coordinated, e. g., if news of a defeat coincided with shortage of flour or oil, it must be disseminated slowly so as not to affect wages and create depression. When the United States entered the war, both German and English propaganda had been going on here for two years. As all cables except from England had been cut, the strong feeling here, except among our foreign element, was pro-British. The problem was to unify sentiment and to supply a common body of doctrine as to the cause of the war, for which it was declared that Germany was solely to blame; to show the innocence and admirable action of all the Allies, the noble purposes of our government and the certainty of our victory. Mr. George Creel with his Committee of Information did a stupendous work, graphically described in his book, "Advertising America."

The Committee at first drew from the general appropriation for contingencies of $100,000,000, but afterwards had a special appropriation and spent all told about $5,000,000, which was about what Germany spent in her propaganda in Spain. 75,000,000 copies of about thirty little books for propaganda were distributed in America and millions more abroad. 75,000 four-minute speakers made over 750,000 addresses, and besides there were endless lectures. A daily paper was issued which had a circulation of 100,000. It was seen that thoughts are like bullets and that nations fight as the people think. The diverse foreign elements in our country each needed particular attention. When Italy seemed cool and suspicious of us, we sent over a regiment of American soldiers to Italy together with Italians resident here who showed through cinemas the best side of American life. Italian journalists were invited here. Meanwhile D'Annunzio inflamed the country with "lyric frenzy." Sweden and Denmark had come much under German influence and had little faith in America. Accordingly American propagandists with cinemas were sent over there with skilful presentation of our aims and accomplishments and succeeded in turning the tide of sentiment. Mr. Creel found neither domestic complexities, nor German propaganda nor differences between the Allies so difficult to deal with as the suspicions and bitter accusations of certain of our own Congressmen. Frank Simonds, like Col. Repington in England, did service in explaining when there were retreats that they were simply "retirements," that evacuations were "rectification of the lines." Anti-American sentiment in France was altered by 200 lecturers with slides who went all over France reciting American achievements and ideals, as others had done in 13,000 towns and villages in Italy. It was necessary to combat the extensive propaganda of Germany in Spain so that she should not be won over and similar strenuous methods were made there by American propagandists.

Many who were not employed as propagandists did great work in arousing hostility to Germany. School committees withdrew the German language from the schools, finding something dangerous in German grammars and dictionaries and in the plays of Goethe and Schiller, though at the same time, England and France were making larger requirements of German in the schools, having the wit to see that it was profitable to be able to read the newspapers of the enemy. The music of the Allied countries was substituted for the music of Beethoven and Wagner. "Boche music must go," shrieked the London *Daily Mail*. So ingrained became the horror of the so-called "Hun" that years after the war I heard a Washington lady proclaim passionately that the Armistice was a mistake and that the war should have been continued until the Allied forces reached Berlin. The ordinary business common sense of intelligent people was so perverted that they vehemently promised never to buy any German goods and never thought to ask how Germany could ever pay reparations except by selling goods.

The war was fought on both sides by Christians praying to the same God for victory and each assured that God was on its side. The flag stood beside the cross in the church. Few clergymen preached from the text, "love your enemies." Old Testament war texts were more in evidence. Few clergymen could talk with impunity against the war. Sometimes the heroes who "went over the top" were said to be "going to their Calvary." Logic went to the winds when the non-resistant who hung on the cross and said, "Father

forgive them" was confounded with the man about to bayonet another, as if Calvary and the trenches meant nothing but pain. The astounding result of rousing so much furious hatred was that highly trained technical experts, literary men and men whom years of university life ought to have given a judicial frame of mind and some power to distinguish between truth and lies were as often as the man in the street, the victim of atrocious misconception. Some of them seemed to imagine that if German won, 40,000,000 Italians, 40,000,000 Frenchmen, 40,000,000 Englishmen plus Canada and all the other parts of the British Empire, plus 60,000,000 Japanese and 115,000,000 Americans could be held down and made to pay reparations by 70,000,000 Germans. Panic and childish logic are not confined to savages or illiterates.

The propaganda which broke the back of the war was not one of hate. It was from the superb propagandist, Woodrow Wilson, who fought behind the lines in Germany. His speeches in leaflets were scattered in planes and balloons and were always marked "By Balloon" so as to not encourage reprisals on our planes. Twenty thousand were sent out in one day by a little American group. Headquarters were opened 24 hours in the day, coordinating news and saving time and money, and 23 carefully selected propagandists were kept at Pershing's headquarters. Two articles of Mary Roberts Rinehart were worth a host of recruiting officers. Leading poets and novelists were enlisted in breaking the German power. Kipling declared that there were only "two classes, the Germans and all the rest of humanity."

When the war ended, the German army did not consider itself defeated, but the morale of the German people was broken. The 2,500,000 copies of President Wilson's April address of 1917 and other addresses, with Arthur Bullard's powerful statement of America's aims which was sent broadcast had great effect. The hungry, weary populace yielded to the hope held out by the Fourteen Points.

A little later, when Philip Gibbs said, "Now it can Be Told" and the revisionists began their study of documents; when gradually archives were opened and hot blood cooled, Lloyd George said he had been thinking and reading and had come to the conclusion that no one nation was responsible for the war. The nations had "glided or rather staggered and stumbled into it." And then he added the saddest words ever uttered, "I think it could all have been prevented if we had only had discussion!" So said Stresemann, later; so say all students.

Said Professor Fay of Smith College, whose two-volume work on the "Origins of the War" is a profound, searching and comprehensive study:

> While it is true that Germany, no less than all the other great powers, did some things which contributed to produce a situation which ultimately resulted in the World War, it is altogether false to say that she deliberately plotted to bring it about or was solely responsible for it. On the contrary, she worked more effectively than any other Great Power except England to avert it, not only in the last days of July, 1914, but also in the years immediately preceding.

There is war-provoking publicity today which, if not sternly suppressed, may do great harm. When asked to address a Boston audience on the subject of possible war between the United States and Great Britain, I emphatically refused and condemned any mention of such a thing. I said I would speak on Anglo-American Cooperation.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

The Study Table

A Vindication of Andrew Johnson

Andrew Johnson is certainly coming into his own. Long regarded as the outstanding disgrace in the Presidential chair, he is now being described as one of the ables and bravest executives who ever occupied the White House. Professor Winston presented the case for Johnson over a year ago, in his remarkable biography of the famous Tennessean, which was so widely read and favorably commented upon at that time. Now comes Dr. Stryker's volume,* to state the case anew with greater elaboration and more sweeping power. Announcements tell us that three more studies of Lincoln's successor are on the way. Justice, sadly belated, is being done!

The book now before us is in some ways a more valuable, and in other ways a much less valuable, biography than Professor Winston's. The special importance of Dr. Stryker's work is to be found in his detailed and exhaustive study of Johnson's presidency, and more particularly of his impeachment. No more thorough piece of historical research has been done in our time. Of the more than 800 pages of this heavy volume, 654 are taken up with the story of the years from 1865-1869, when Andrew Johnson was President of the United States; and of these, no less than 164 are given over to the story of the impeachment trial. Dr. Stryker tells not only a detailed but a thrilling tale. This work has never been done before, and it need never be done again. Our author has here produced an original and permanent contribution to American history.

Apart from this, however, Dr. Stryker's book is distinctly inferior to Professor Winston's. Thus, it is not so well-rounded, well-proportioned, complete. It contains no such adequate picture of the man and of his times. Stryker's volume is a highly specialized study of Johnson's reconstruction policy and his battle with the Republican Radicals over the issues presented by this policy. Winston's volume is concerned with Johnson's entire career, of which the four years in the presidency are but a single, if climatic, episode. Thus, he is quite as much interested in Johnson's stormy years in Tennessee as in his equally stormy years in Washington. He is thrilled by the Senator's heroism in standing by the Union in 1861 as by the President's heroism in standing by the South in 1867. For all of its much greater length and more detailed elaboration, the whole story is not in Stryker as it is in Winston.

Furthermore, and even more important, this present volume lacks altogether the poise, balance, impartiality so beautifully characteristic of its predecessor. Professor Winston, in his great work, was always the calm, unprejudiced historian. Like the scientist in the laboratory, he was interested only in the facts, and the

*"Andrew Johnson: A Study in Courage," by Lloyd Paul Stryker. Published by Macmillan. $6.00.

meaning of these facts. Persuaded that Andrew Johnson had been grievously misunderstood and grossly villified by history, he was resolved that this great man should be given at last his due. But he had no intention of giving him more than his due, or of villifying other men that his hero might shine the more brightly by reflected light. So Winston's biography is a piece of scientific history in the best sense of the word. Here sits the judge, to separate fact from fiction, truth from falsehood, and leave the case for decision with the jury. And he has no doubt that the verdict will be a reversal of the judgment of the last half century.

Dr Stryker, in contrast, is not a judge but an advocate. He undertakes not to state a case, but to prove it. And he would prove it not by dealing calmly and sagely with the facts *pro* and *con,* but by suppressing or distorting all facts not on his side of the argument, and more especially by the time-honored method of abusing his opponents. He is constantly outraged by the slanderous and vicious attacks directed against Andrew Johnson by his enemies, but he himself repeats this same offense by directing the most vicious and even vulgar attacks against these same enemies. Going far back into the slavery days, our author paints a picture of the abolition movement which is an egregious caricature of reality. The anti-slavery leaders are held up to unmitigated ridicule and abuse. Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Chase, old John Brown, all (with the single exception of Seward who later befriended Johnson) were either fools or knaves. Steeped in hypocrisy, eaten up with envy, poisoned with hate, they led a movement which was a treasonable portrayal of the nation and a menace to its integrity and life. After emancipation, these abolitionists, now become "Black Republicans," are painted in colors more terrible than ever. Nothing is too fierce or foul to charge or to insinuate against Thaddeus Stevens, "Ben" Wade, Charles Sumner, Edwin M. Stanton, Wendell Phillips, and Horace Greeley. Granted that these Radicals were selfish, intolerant, unprincipled, wicked, unpardonably unjust and cruel to President Johnson! Still is it incredible that these men could have been as utterly depraved as Dr. Stryker would have us believe. Even "Ben" Butler—no saint, heaven knows!—could not have been the loathsome monster here depicted. Nowhere outside the opening books of Milton's "Paradise Lost," which described Lucifer, Moloch, Beelzebub, and all the other leaders of the hosts of hell, have I ever read of such devils as parade within these pages. Even the personal misfortunes of these Radicals are not spared—Stevens' club-foot, Butler's drooping eyelids, Sumner's unhappy marriage! Such attacks are as cruel as Boutwell's suggestion that Johnson conspired to murder Lincoln. This writing is not history—it is melodrama. In venom of this kind, Stryker is not seeking truth—he is indulging prejudice. He is using against the Radicals the same wild and wicked passion which they used against Johnson. But two wrongs never make a right. The impeachment of Johnson is not corrected by impeaching his enemies.

Dr. Stryker's bias and temper, however, cannot obscure the essential truth about Andrew Johnson. Born as low in the social scale as Abraham Lincoln, unable to write until he received instruction from his devoted wife, this man raised himself by sheer force of character and mind to the highest political offices in his state. As Governor and U. S. Senator, he was everywhere recognized as the first citizen of Tennessee. In 1861, amid the wild confusion of secession, Johnson remained loyal to the Union, and was the only senator from a southern state to retain his seat. During the War, he was the friend and counsellor of Lincoln, and was honored at the hand of the Great Emancipator by appointment as Military Governor of his state with rank as Brigadier-General. His nomination as Vice-President in 1864 was a recognition, first, of his courage and unimpeachable integrity in loyal service of the nation in the hour of its extremity, and, secondly, of his strategically important political position and influence as the one outstanding Unionist of the South. As President, Johnson took over without change of any kind the reconstruction policy clearly outlined and to a considerable extent already established by Abraham Lincoln before his assassination, and all his troubles sprang from his unwavering fidelity to this policy. The attempt to impeach and ruin him was a deliberate conspiracy of bitter partisans, and it rightly failed. The slanders of Johnson's enemies were untrue—the President was not a drunkard, not a demagogue, not a corruptionist. On the contrary, he was a man of exceptional simplicity and purity of personal life, a statesman of great ability and power, honest as the day is long, and one of the bravest men who ever drew the breath of life. Abused, injured, outraged to a degree unparalleled in American history, Johnson bore no grudge against his enemies, and returned only good for their evil. His statesmanship has been justified by time, and his name now shines like a star escaping from clouds of storm.

What Dr. Stryker misses by his method of wildly partisan advocacy may be summed up under three heads.

First, he misses, or deliberately suppresses, the important fact that Johnson's political opponents, the Radical Republicans, had a case. The right was not all on Johnson's side. History is not as simple as that!

Charles Sumner, whose sincerity and essential greatness of mind Dr. Stryker altogether ignores, may be taken as the impressive witness that something at least is to be said for the other side. Sumner was wedded to the cause of the slave. He had beheld the treasure, blood and agony that had been lavishly expended by the North not only to save the Union but to free the slave. He saw, or thought he saw, the loss of all that had been won at such enormous cost in the quick restoration to the states so recently in rebellion of all political rights and powers. He wanted to protect the freedman, to save him from being thrust back into slavery by trickery and force; and there is ample evidence that protection from this grievous peril was needed. Lincoln might have handled the situation, and satisfied Sumner and his associates. But they had no confidence in Johnson, a Southerner, a former slave-holder, and a man with none of Lincoln's tact, patience and consummate wisdom.

This brings us to the second point missed by Dr. Stryker. I refer to those weaknesses which, along with extraordinary virtues of strength and courage, make up the sum-total of Johnson's character. This man, as we have said, had great native ability, the courage of a lion, the integrity of a saint. He made unparalleled sacrifices for his country, and his statesmanship

is being vindicated by time. But, through no fault of his own, he was rought and hard, had an ungovernable temper, used a reckless tongue, was utterly devoid of humor, and lacked all those gentler, kindlier qualities which made Lincoln so attractive. The very toughness of Johnson's fibre, the basically heroic qualities of his nature, were his own undoing. And this Dr. Stryker does not, or cannot, see. Curious that he is so utterly blind to the fact that the men whom he so ferociously attacks for Johnson's sake are the very men with whom Lincoln worked happily and profitably! Stanton is here the conspicuous example. If there is anything vile which Dr. Stryker has left unsaid about Edwin M. Stanton, I have not found it. And it must be admitted that Stanton's record in the Johnson administration is far from creditable. Yet Lincoln selected Stanton to be his War Secretary, and sustained him in this important office to the hour of his (Lincoln's) death. Johnson was great, heroic, in many ways, sublime. But he was far from perfect—and his failings, wrought in the very fibre of his strength by his hard early life and his lack of training, were just the ones to betray him in his long battle against his foes.

Lastly, Dr. Stryker quite misses the confusion and complexity of the years immediately following the Civil War. This is the fault of his method, which presents everything in black and white. There was something more here, in this situation, than one good man fighting almost single-handed against innumerable bad men. There were tremendous political and economic forces loose in the land. Potent factors of war and peace, industry and state, races, churches, and nations, all impersonal and intangible in their nature, were engulfing the country like sweeping storms. Johnson, Sumner, Stevens, were giants, but they did not dominate and control the situation. On the contrary, they were swayed and often swept away by forces they did not understand or even see. And it is the business of the historian, even the biographer, to find these forces and reveal them to posterity. This is what Dr. Stryker does not do. And this goes far to make his book a failure. For, in spite of the so-called "new biography" of our time, history can no longer be written in terms merely of persons.

Having said all this, we would end with a renewed word of praise. Dr. Stryker has written a book of thrilling interest and large importance. As a contribution to the great and beneficent work of restoring Andrew Jonnson to the admiration and gratitude of men, it is to be warmly welcomed and loudly acclaimed. We hope, and feel sure, that he will write more on this theme. If so, may he calm his temper and moderate his passion!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Correspondence

"Why the Church"

Editor of UNITY: Sometime ago there was an article in UNITY, entitled, "Why the Church," requesting readers to give their views as to what is wrong with the church. I thought perhaps you would be interested in a farmer's views.

The world has no need of the present organized church, it has no use for it, it has enough of selfishness without the church encouraging it. It is the greatest obstacle in the coming of God's Kingdom on earth today. And yet there has been more real soul hunger after God than at any previous time.

A number of things could be mentioned that are wrong with the church. Someone has said, "If the church were put on the operating table and all the paganism removed it would not have enough vitality left to recover."

With all our discussion we fail to get down to the root of the matter. We assume that at least the fundamental teaching of the church, or we might say its call, is correct. The message of the church is, "Prepare to meet thy God." "Make your peace with him." "Prepare to die." "Make sure you are saved first." All selfish appeals. It is the most selfish, subtle appeal the devil ever thought of.

What was the message of Christ? "Prepare to live." "I am come that ye might have life," not life hereafter but here and now. "When ye pray say, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." "If you cannot love your brother whom you can see, how can you love God whom you cannot see." "Go first, be reconciled to thy brother." "He that would save his soul shall lose it." "He that would come after me let him deny himself." No self appeal in Christ's message. The church makes the saving of one's soul the main object of life. The true follower of the Master counts his soul as naught and is willing to lose it if thereby he can aid in the coming of God's Kingdom.

The church is willing to do anything but the one thing needful. We have not taken the first step in following the Master. . . .

If ever humanity finds its way back to God (some day it will) it will be through "our brother."

JOHN T. RICKETT.

Howell, Mich.

P. S. I am an old farmer nearly 72 years old and lack the means of expression on account of a limited education. I have done a great amount of thinking since the "war" and have been compelled to change my views, some of them almost against mv will.

Conditions In Hungary

[We print herewith a personal letter from Hungary, sent to us by a friend of UNITY. Here are facts not often reported to the American people.—Editor.]

Dear Mrs. L.: We always observe the Silent Meditation for peace on Armistice Day but I don't think we can do much with newspapers, radio, cinema and so on. You see the situation in Hungary is very different from the situation of the nations which were successful in the War and gained by it. Hungary was forced into the War by Austria, having a common ruler and a common army. And the peace of Trianon, which followed the Armistice Day, destroyed the geographical and economic unity of millennial Hungary. She is now a wreck, which has to perish if this injustice is not remedied soon.

Hungary desires a peaceful reparation of this injustice. Mutilated, suffering, starving Hungary is hardly able to enter upon a new warfare,—but the bitterness is so great that even a spark would be enough to cause a conflagration. This would mean death to Hungary, but every true Hungarian would far rather die for his country than passively wait until inevitable death comes through starvation and corruption. Mrs. Besant said in one of her speeches at the Queen's Hall, London, speaking about India, "which will rise if its position is not changed. Far rather that than passively which is itself death . . . " This is the position in Hungary, and I am sending you some papers about the situation which may interest you. . . . Will you help as much as you can, to awaken the world to the great injustice done to a nation and the danger which it involves? Then you will be working for Peace, not a peace forced upon suffering, on an injured peoples, but Peace which will endure.

With all good wishes and greetings,

E. de R.

Budapest, Hungary.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A CONFERENCE OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

The Third Annual Conference of the Mid-Southern Federation of Religious Liberals, combined with a regional conference of the National Federation, was held at Atlanta, Georgia, on November 5th, 6th and 7th at the United Liberal and Central Congregational Churches. The general theme as stated on the program was "The Social Applications of Liberal Religion." The cleavage between Deist and Humanist was apparent throughout the conference, but the extremists were able to meet on the common ground of the infinite worth of the human soul, which became in effect the theme of the meetings.

At the first session, Rev. L. R. Call, of Louisville, made an enthusiastic appeal for a new and aggressive Liberalism to meet the challenge of the changed conditions of a new world where revolutions were taking place in every branch of human affairs. "People," he said, "are letting themselves go, with terrific results." Dr. Marx followed him with the question, "*Was* everything wrong? *Is* everything good?" In a world where everything is in revolution it is easier to keep on revolting than to find what to hold to. Religion represents something within man that seeks; that urges him to improvement. Let Liberals be liberal to religions of the past and to others of the present and find in our common humanity opportunity to teach religion, not as blind faith, but as moral and ethical force, recognizing the worth and majesty of the human soul. The danger lies in Liberalism trying to solve concrete problems for which it is not equipped with sufficient knowledge.

At the Wednesday morning session, the secretary, Dr. Call, suggested that the present body, the Mid-Southern Federation, merge itself with the National Federation. Dr. Snyder, Executive Chairman of the national body, was called on to express an opinion. He welcomed the idea of a merger and suggested that if it should take place a committee be appointed of southern men to manage the regional affairs. After discussion it was voted to request the committee on resolutions to bring in a resolution on the subject in its report next day.

One of the highest points of interest of the Conference was reached at the Wednesday afternoon session when it was addressed by Dr. W. W. Alexander, of the Methodist Church South, and by Dr. Plate Durham, President of Emory University, a Methodist institution, both of Atlanta and both of the Commission on Inter-Racial Relations. Dr. Alexander said he became a Liberal when as a young pastor he realized the inefficiency of the old religion in the face of social problems. "Christianity will be tested in the world by the way it meets the race problem. Conflicting race issues threaten civilization. We in the South have the best opportunity anywhere in the world of solving the problem and of telling others how to deal with it. Liberals with truly open minds can contribute new thoughts and ideas but must beware of doctrinaire methods."

Dr. Durham again sounded the keynote of the infinite worth of the human soul. The great sin against the Negro has been the denial of the rights of his personality. The chief cry of the Negro's heart is for recognition of this personality. The greatest achievement of the Inter-Racial Commission is the increasing ability of the races to confer and co-operate. Major Moten of Tuskegee on a recent trip around the world was called in conference by a group of East Indian leaders met to consider race problems. They asked him, "Can it be solved?" He answered, "It can; we are working it out." Our only hope is to rise above our petty shibboleths to seek higher things. The true "heretic" is he who denies the infinite worth of the individual.

The major theme was heard again running through the Wednesday evening session. Dr. Snyder said in part, "Faith is the dynamic quality of the human mind. The test of faith is whether it believes in humanity or no. As Liberals we have a profound faith in the capacity of the human race to rise. It is our duty to see that the soul that is from God has the possibility of fulfilling itself." In the second address of the evening Dr. Canfield took an uncompromising stand against capital punishment. "I am not so much impressed with the inhumanity or even the injustice of capital punishment as with its futility," Mr. Canfield said.

Thursday morning the Committee on Resolutions was called on for its report. The resolutions were as follows:

First, a resolution favoring the merging of the Southern Federation in the National Federation of Religious Liberals.

Secondly, a resolution condemning the use of force by either party to a labor dispute, and calling on capital and labor to confer together for the settlement of all differences, and further deploring the denial of some owners of the right of collective bargaining.

Thirdly, a resolution opposing capital punishment and commending all efforts made to remove the causes of crime.

Fourthly, a resolution affirming the infinite value of the individual personality and deploring anything that injured it particularly in members of the colored races.

The third resolution provoked heated discussion, and was divided into two parts in order that the small but valiant minority who refused to vote for the abolition of capital punishment might vote for that part which urged the amelioration of conditions conducive to crime. All the others were passed unanimously. Churches and individuals interested in the common cause of Liberalism were urged to join the National Federation, which will sponsor future conferences in the territory of the southern states.

On Thursday evening Dr. A. Ward Brigham, of Chicago University, urged

---

Dr. Walsh's New Book

Editor of UNITY: Dr. Walsh's new book, recently published in London, is one that every reader of UNITY should have. It is the soul of unity. Dr. Walsh, who has served as a Foreign Representative and written occasionally for UNITY, is well known to you. In a little volume of one hundred aspirations for peace and goodwill he voices with great beauty the longings that are moving the councils of the world today as never before. Next summer there will be a world conference of the great World Religions to promote international peace. But for years, Dr. Walsh has been the prophet in England of a world fellowship of faiths and a world commonwealth of man. "One Humanity, One God" has been his slogan. His faith has been tried in the fire by his intransigence in the war, proven too deep and too true to be caught into any eddy of hatred or nationalism that would set him against the Humanity he loves.

Preaching in London is not what it is in America. As the Cruft Fellow for 1927 and a student in the School of Economics at the University of London I had an opportunity to preach to a number of the diminutive congregations which the Unitarians nurse along in the environs of that great city. The vast majority of people there seem to have been inoculated, by an established church which has slowly induced the idea that religion is something partitioned off from everyday life, against sermons whether in book or pulpit form. That alone can account for the failure of Dr. Walsh to gather great numbers to his Free Religious Movement which he founded when his London Unitarian congregation failed to support him in his war-time pacifism. He is a great preacher and a great spirit whose pilgrimage from orthodoxy to world religion has been a thrilling adventure of the inner life and one of outer privation.

As is so often the case, selective circumstances have led to a high and inspiring quality in his following. He is a power among some excellent young preachers in England. Out of the worship of a congregation which was able "to rise on the wings of hope above the clouds of war" there has come this little volume of choice aspirations. They are substantial expressions. The poetry and imagery, the universality of sympathy, the human-centered interest of this volume will commend it to theist and humanist alike. Dr. Walsh's thought of God is not emptied of the struggles and ideals and responsibilities of mankind, but filled with them.

EDWIN HENRY WILSON.

Dayton, Ohio.

organized Liberals to make an effort to reach those who, disenchanted with orthodoxy, find themselves alone not knowing where to turn.

Dr. Josiah Morse, of the department of philosophy of the University of South Carolina, gave an address on the labor situation in the southern mills. The greatest cause of the present trouble he found in the short-sightedness of the business men who planted their mills in this new and promising region expecting labor conditions to remain stationary for the next twenty-five years. They shut their eyes to the change of living standards which were bound to eventuate from the change in living conditions and depended on paternalistic efforts which have in many cases been very fine and useful to make the workers contented.

ELIZABETH B. GREENE.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS FIGHTS OPIUM

The Assembly of the League of Nations at its last meeting in September adopted the following:

The Assembly:

Impressed by the disclosures made in the report of the Advisory Committee as to the large quantities of dangerous drugs still passing in the illicit traffic;

Recalling the proposals made in connection with the Geneva Conference of 1924-25 for the direct limitation by agreement between the governments of the manufacturing countries of the amount of such drugs manufactured;

Taking note of the important declaration made in the course of the present meeting of the Assembly by the representative of France that his government has decided to impose such limitation on its manufacturers, and of the declarations made by other governments as to limitation;

Recognizing that the Geneva Convention of 1925 provides indispensable machinery for the national and international control of the traffic in drugs, the effective application of which should be secured in all countries at the earliest possible date; but that, owing to the delay in bringing the convention into force, its full effects cannot be realized in the near future;

Desiring that, if possible, steps supplementing the convention should be taken without delay to limit the manufacture of dangerous drugs to the amounts required for medical and scientific purposes:

(1) Regards the principle of the limitation of the manufacture of the drugs mentioned in paragraphs (b), (c) and (g) of Article 4 of the Convention of Geneva by international agreement as now accepted;

(II) Requests the Advisory Committee to prepare plans for such limitation, regard being had to world requirements for medical and scientific purposes and the means of preventing an increase in price which would lead to the establishment of new factories in countries which are not at present manufacturing countries;

(III) The committee's report will be submitted to the council, which will decide on the convening of a conference of the governments in whose countries the above-mentioned drugs are manufactured and the principal consuming countries in a number not exceeding that of the manufacturing countries, and whether certain experts proposed by the Opium and the Health Committees should be included;

(IV) Recommends that the Advisory Committee be enlarged in order to ensure more effective representation on that committee of the non-manufacturing countries;

(V) Agrees that the sum of 25,000 Swiss francs shall be included in the budget of the league for 1930 in order to meet the expenses of such a conference.

A Timely New Book

PALESTINE

TODAY AND TOMORROW

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Dr. Stephen S. Wise says: "It is the most understanding book that has been written about Palestine." It is also a most revealing book, based on a recent journey through Palestine and written largely since the recent riots between Jews and Arabs. The Zionist movement in all its aspects is graphically surveyed. You will finish this unusual exposition with a new understanding of Palestine and its problems.

Just Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Price $2.50

Order from UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

The
Oakland :: Press
GOOD PRINTING
Invitations, Announcements, Programs, Letter Circulars, Business and Personal Stationery, etc.
3913 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.
PHONE - ATLANTIC 1876

IN DECEMBER

The holidays, with their rounds of entertainments and festivities, make extraordinary demands upon evening wardrobes. While here is a service which can be depended on to beautifully cleanse and condition each dress garment entrusted to its care.

Schumann & Co
Cleaners Dyers

PHONE DREXEL 0231 ALL DEPARTMENTS
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3960 Cottage Grove Avenue